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NUGGETS

OF

POEMS

AND

PROSE

BY

KLONDIKE

DICK

Richard Rice

PREFACE

In placing these Nuggets of Poems before the public, I do so in the hopes that it may be the means of cheering the depressed and be an incentive to the public at large for brighter thoughts and efforts in their daily life. After spending five years in the early opening of the Klondike, searching for nuggets of gold, I come back to my old home town, broken in health, and have been under treatment at the T. B. Hospital where I composed most of these poems. While I was not successful in Nuggets of Gold, I am making another effort in Nuggets of Poems. Trusting the public will give it generous support.

Yours fraternally,

RICHARD RICE

“Klondike Dick”

1921 **Nuggets of Poems and Prose**

1

SHOULD YOU CENSOR

Should you feel inclined to censor,
 Faults in others you may view,
 Ask your own heart ere you venture,
 If you have not failings too.

Let not friendly ties be broken,
 Rather strive a friend to gain,
 Many a word in anger spoken,
 Finds its passage home again.

Do not then in idle pleasure,
 Trifle with a brother's fame,
 Guard it as you would a treasure,
 Sacred as your own good name.

Do not form opinions blindly,
 Hastiness to trouble tends,
 Those of whom we thought unkindly,
 Oft become our warmest friends.

2

GENERAL PERSHING

Pershing was a general, noble, loyal and true,
 Ever ready to smash the Boche to the tune of Yankee Doodle Do;
 Riding on to victory fighting for me and you,
 Showing Old Bill Kaiser what the Yankee boys can do;
 How to win the war and keep our boys pure and true,
 In touch with Old Glory, and Yankee Doodle Do.

Never will the Yankee heart fail to carry us through,
 While we see our banner waving to the strains of Yankee Doodle Do.
 So forward my brave comrades, let the Allies have the cue,
 You are after the scalp of Kaiser Bill,
 With your Yankee Doodle Do.

3

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our father who art in heaven,
 Hallowed be thy name,
 Thy kingdom come to every one,
 Let us not pray in vain.
 Thy will be done in heaven and earth,
 And guide us in the path that's true,
 That we may partake of our daily bread,
 With blessed thoughts of you.
 Forgive us our debts, dear Lord;
 That we may forgive others, too,
 Keep us from the tempter's snare,
 And cleanse us through and through.
 Deliver us from evil,
 That we may worship at Thy shrine,
 For Thine be the power and glory,
 To make my thoughts sublime.

PROHIBITION

I am feeling sad and lonely, Cap,
To think the nation is going bone dry,
And Barley Corn will have no show,
After the first of July.

Town House Square will look like a ten cent piece,
Derby street will be on the bum,
We cannot get a drink of beer or a half pint of rum.

They have drawn the line also on wine,
And that is the saddest news,
To think we old time sports can't get a drink of booze.
What is the use of living, Cap,
If they take our booze away,
And deprive us of our sport and pleasure,
That we are used to every day.

We might as well emigrate to a distant foreign land,
Form a colony of our own; where we can make a stand,
And defy those old prohibits that would put a muzzle on our jaws,
To make us miserable the rest of our lives,
By their puritanical laws.

THE DYING SOLDIER

Off in a foreign land a dying soldier lay,
The sun was rising in the east,
It was just the break of day.
"Comrades, I am dying now and I think of that home beyond the seas,
And I see my poor old mother,
On her bended knees."

"That dear old mother is praying now,
For her boy so far away;
Praying that God will care for him,
And bring him back some day.
Alas, my comrades, I must go and join the mighty throng,
Life is ebbing fast, boys,
I'll not be with you long."

"Soon I'll be marching with bright laurels on my brow,
I hear the roll call yonder, who will care for mother now?
Tell my dear mother when you write her, that I did my duty well,
Charging up the mighty breast works, fighting in the van I fell."

"Now I ask you, my dear comrades,
Grant me just one more request;
Cover my body with Old Glory,
And the emblem of the eagle on my breast."

THE T. B. TREATMENT

There is a place called Salem Neck, not very far away,
 And there the doctor sent me one sad November day.
 The management does not suit me,
 Everything goes by rule,
 And if I wasn't quite so old, I would think I was at school.
 You must do this, and you must not do that,
 And you must not break rule ten,
 You must not write in the house, you know,
 Or flirt with the women.

You must get up in the morning before the cock does crow,
 They take your pulse and temperature,
 Then to the bath-room go,
 Where you take a cold, cold plunge until you're all aglow.

At seven thirty you eat and eat,
 Until you've had your fill,
 And then you're driven out of doors
 For you must obey their will.
 At ten fifteen you have an egg,
 Also a glass of milk,
 Your lunch takes fifteen minutes,
 Then you feel as fine as silk.

Then out again you go,
 No matter what the weather is,
 Or how the winds do blow.
 You stay out until twelve o'clock,
 The minutes pass so slow,
 And then once more so hungry,
 To the dining room you go.
 You usually have soup or meat,
 A vegetable or two,
 And end up with a pudding
 Before you are fairly through.

Once again you ramble forth,
 Down the halls below;
 Take your pulse and temperature,
 The doctor wills it so.
 Once again you have warm milk
 For milk is good you know,
 And if you drink four quarts a day
 The effects they soon will show.

You daily then take to the willows,
 For camps there are galore,
 Or maybe one or two will stroll
 Down to Carroll's store.
 You stay out until half past four,
 And then your footsteps trace
 To that building bleak and cold,
 You call your abiding place.

Once more you steer a course
Toward the dining room so bright,
And eat and eat again,
When you come forth again it's night.
Then you can visit the different wards,
Until it's roll call time,
You lunch again at half past eight;
Lights out at half past nine.

You just get into bed so nice,
When the boys begin to snore;
When in comes Miss Night Nurse,
While the night winds roar.
You wear a night cap on your head,
For that's the place, you know,
Or else your poor old bald head
Would be covered deep with snow.

And some time in the chilly morn,
You make your tumbled bed,
Perchance upon a pair of skates,
Though sometimes you use a sled.
Just the same, that doctor mean,
Has sent me here I know,
To freeze out all the microbes,
And no ugliness I'll show.
If they will only guarantee to give me my health again,
I will wear a smile that won't come off
And never more complain.

7

MY SON

Do you know son, your soul is of my soul?
Such a part, it seems to be life and core of my heart.
No one can shame me as you son can do,
No one can grieve me or please me as you.

Remember the world will be quick with it's blame,
If shadow or stain ever darkens your name;
Like mother, like son, is a saying too true,
The world will judge largely, mother by you.

Be yours the task, if task it must be,
To face the proud world, to do homage to me;
So it may say, when its course you have done
She sowed as she reaped—this boy is her son.

8

SCHOOL DAYS

I studied my tables over,
Backward and forward, too,
But I couldn't remember six times nine,
And I didn't know what to do.
Sister told me to play with my doll,
And not to bother my head;
If you call her fifty-four, awhile,
You will learn it by heart, she said.

I took my favorite, Mary Ann,
Though I thought it an awful shame
To give to such a perfectly lovely doll,
Such a perfectly horrid name.
I called her my dear little fifty-four,
A hundred times till I knew
The answer to six times nine,
As well as two times two.

Next day Clara Wentworth who acts so proud,
Said six times nine was fifty-two,
And I nearly laughed out loud,
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said
Now Arline answer if you can.
I thought of my doll, and sakes alive,
I answered Mary Ann.

9

THE FLY

Oh! would I were a fly to buzz all day,
Wouldn't I live high without a cent to pay;
I'd never mind the taxes, no matter how they rise,
For while there's stamps on everything',
There's none upon the flies.

If I were a fly, a buzzing I would keep,
And hunt until I'd find some bummer chap asleep.
Wouldn't it be jolly, upon his nose to light,
Or drop into his ear and there I'd buzz and bite;
And if he'd drive me off I would come back again,
For flies are mighty lively, when plaguing sleepy men.

If I were a fly I'd on a beer glass light,
And there I'd sip away and never would get tight;
Or fear to be arrested or through the streets to reel,
A fly can sip his toddy and ne'er a headache feel.
No care should I have for any human woes,
Or have a pimple or strawberry on my nose.

If I were a fly, some pretty girl I'd seek,
I'd never have the rent to pay
I'd have no care at home.
For unlike married men,
Then I should laugh at fate,
And have no wife to scold me
If I should stay out late;
No falsehood should I try, no excuses dodge
By telling Mrs. Fly that I was at the lodge.

If I were a fly, some pretty girl I'd seek,
And just beneath her eye I'd perch upon her cheek;
And I would linger there, and fellows passing by
Would all be sure to envy that happy little fly.

THE AEROPLANE

Two doves met in a shady lane,
 They cooed and conversed together about the aeroplane;
 Said number one to number two, I had an awful fright,
 It almost took my breath away, it was an awful sight.

I was resting in my rookery with a hundred birds or more,
 When I heard an awful buzzing
 Near our rookery door;
 It woke us up so sudden, we stretched our wings to fly,
 In the distance we could see this monster dropping from the sky.

Such frightened birds you never saw and you never will again;
 Just think of the monster man flying in an aeroplane;
 They are not satisfied with their autos and trolly lines galore,
 They must take our air and space, where we delight to soar.

Said number two unto his mate,
 I think it is a shame,
 That men should invent such a machine,
 But we are part to blame;
 You see they have used us pigeons to carry messages near and far
 And when they could not send enough,
 They invented this flying car.

Let us not borrow trouble,
 If they don't clip our wings too small;
 We will let them build their aeroplanes,
 If they don't press us to the wall,
 And house us in some barn yard with chickens big and small,
 We will then have to raise young squabs for their profit and their
 gain;
 They won't use us for messengers,
 They will use the aeroplanes.

THE FADED COAT OF BLUE

My brave laddie sleeps in his faded coat of blue,
 In the grave unknown lies the heart that beats so true;
 He sank faint and hungry among the famished brave,
 And they laid him sad and lonely in his nameless grave.

No more the bugle calls the weary one,
 Rest noble spirit in thy grave unknown;
 We will find you and know you among the good and true,
 When the robe of white is given,
 For the faded coat of blue.

He cried "Give me water and just a little crumb,
 And my mother, she will bless you in all the years to come;
 And tell my dear sister, so gentle, kind and true,
 That I will meet her up in heaven in my faded coat of blue."

Long months have vanished and still he comes no more,
And my eyes are growing weary watching at the door;
I look o'er the hills where he bade his last adieu,
But no gallant lad I see in his faded coat of blue.

No gentle voice was there, breathing soft a mother's prayer,
But there is one who takes the brave and true in His tender care;
No stone marks the sod of the lad so brave and true,
But you will meet him up in heaven when the robe of white is given
For the faded coat of blue.

12

TO OUR PRESIDENT

May God be with our President,
As he sails to foreign shores,
To plead with nations of the world,
For peace instead of wars.

May he take a feather of intelligence,
From the American Eagle, that noble bird of ours,
And spread it to the smaller nations,
As he would a bunch of flowers.

And as he pleads for justice,
For all nations of the world,
We will put another star upon our flag,
When it is unfurled.

So here is to our President,
The man that is loyal and true;
We will give three cheers for our starry flag,
And our hearts go out to you.

13

THE CONVICT

Oh walls if you could speak,
What sad tales you could tell,
Of broken hearts, and maddened brains,
Of talent thrown away,
Of misdirected energies,
And physical decay.

Of spirit crushed, ambition fled,
No chance to rise again,
Or live down my criminal past,
Or remove the blighting stain.

They have stamped me as a criminal,
No good of me they say,
I am a gambler and a drunkard,
So they sentenced me today.

Six months at hard labor,
Was the dope they handed me,
With a lecture what I was to do,
When they set me free.

If I should serve my sentence out,
Within these prison walls,
It will steel my heart forever,
Against humanity and its pleading calls.

I would go out in this cold and selfish world,
Jail stamp upon my brow,
And if I should apply for work,
No one would want me now.

My sunny friends would shun me,
Society will give me the hook,
The only thing before me,
Is to be a first class crook.

14

THE EMERALD ISLE

My thoughts go back to Ireland,
The Emerald Isle across the sea,
Home of my fathers and a treasure to me;
Where martyrs and patriots lie in silent repose,
That little green isle, with its sorrows and woes.

The home of Bob Emmet and O'Connell the brave,
My heart throbs with sadness and pride as I stand o'er their graves,
And think of the days of turmoil and strife,
Where they battled for your freedom,
And each laid down his life.

That you might rise from the ashes of the miserable past,
To throw off the yoke and shackles that England has cast,
Oh Ireland mavourneen, my heart throbs for you still,
When I think what a space in this world you must fill.

Only a little green gem on the face of the globe,
With the harp as your emblem, and the shamrock your robe,
May God bless you and help you to attain your freedom and goal,
With the harp, and the shamrock, and blessed home rule.

15

THE FLYING TRAPEZE

Once I was happy, now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat that is tattered and torn;
Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn,
Betrayed by a girl in her teens.

The girl that I loved was handsome;
I tried all I knew, her to please,
I could not please her quarter as well,
As the man on the flying trapeze.

He would fly through the air with the greatest of ease,
This daring young man on the flying trapeze;
His movements were graceful, all girls he could please,
And my love he persuaded away.

This young man, by name, Signor Bon Slang,
Tall, big and handsome and as well made a Shang,
When ere he appeared the hall loudly rang,
With emotion from all people there.
He'd smile, from the bar, on the people below,
And one night he did smile on my love;
She winked back at him and shouted bravo,
As he hung by his chin up above.

Her father and mother were both on my side,
And tried very hard to make her my bride;
Her father he sighed, and her mother she cried,
To see her throw herself away,
It was of no avail.
She would go every night and throw him bouquets on the stage,
Which caused him to meet her, oh how he ran me down,
To tell you it would take a whole page.

One night I as usual went to her dear home,
And there found her father and mother alone,
I asked for my love and they soon made it known to my horror, she
 had run away.
She had packed up her goods and eloped in the night,
With him with the greatest of ease,
From a two story window he lowered her down to the ground on his
 flying trapeze.

Some months after this I went to a ball,
I saw in red letters a bill on the wall,
A bill in red letters which did my heart gall,
That she was appearing with him.
He taught her gymnastics and dressed her in tights,
To help him to live at his ease;
He made her assume a masculine name and now she goes on the
 trapeze.

She flies through the air with the greatest of ease,
You would think her a man on the flying trapeze;
She does the work, while he takes his ease,
And that's what became of my love.

16

THE ACORN

Only a little acorn,
Cast upon the green sod,
But it takes root and flourishes,
Though under foot is trod.
It shoots its little sprouts,
Safely from the soil of mother earth,
Until it becomes a mighty tree,
Of prominence and worth.

It spreads its branches in lofty pride,
With leaves so green and fair;
While in its bosom nestles,
The song birds of the air.
It gives joy to the squirrel as he skips in merry glee,
And gathers the nuts to put in his hole,
In the trunk of this old oak tree.

And the weary traveler comes along,
Foot sore and with dust stained clothes,
And lies down in your sheltering shade,
For rest and sweet repose.
Only a little acorn, a speck on this wide earth,
What a benefit you prove to be ever since your birth.

Showing to the world at large,
That from small things, large things grow;
And the lesson that you teach us,
Take notice of the small things,
And let the large things go.

17

NEW YEAR GREETING

Good-bye old year with your sorrow and woes,
We welcome the new year and our heart overflows
With delight and pleasure as peace it prociaims,
To the world and its children in all their just aims.

You come with the olive branch extended to all the earth,
Oh blessed New Year, we welcome your birth,
May our hearts be united with brotherly love,
For the message you bring us from heaven above.

May passion and conflict never enter our door,
To drive us to violence, pestilence and war;
Like the sun in the heavens may you shed your light,
And guide us in that which is just and right.

We will toll the bell for the old year in its death throes,
And welcome the New Year, as the sweet scented rose,
So ring out the old year as we stand by his bier,
And make room for his brother, the happy New Year.

18

BELGIUM

We are coming sister Belgium,
Five hundred thousand strong;
To heal your wounds and give relief,
And try to right their wrongs.
We come with hearts of sympathy,
To help make good your loss;
To bind up your wounds and bruises,
That's the mission of our order, the fraternal Red Cross.

You fought hard for your freedom,
And patriots you're proud to be;
Our hearts were touched by your heroic deeds,
And we are proud to know you're free.
You went through the fiery furnace,
And was put upon the rack,
But you saved the world in the hour of need,
By holding the enemy back.

The shot was fired upon your sail,
It was heard throughout the world;
But you fought like demons to maintain your right,
And back that shot was hurled.
You heeded not the sacrifice,
You surely gave the Huns a toss,
And now we are going to help you,
That's the order of the Red Cross.

And as we gird on our armor,
To battle with pestilence and disease,
We will carry our banner proudly,
From inland to the seas.
And when our work is finished,
And our armor we lie down,
We will return our Red Cross to the King of Kings,
And in return receive our crown.

19

SEIN FEIN

A party of bold Irishmen,
Well known to you all,
For energy, prudence and things that's not small,
Did once form a party to change the political scene,
And adopted a charter and called it Sein Fein.

Agreeing together, they got along well,
Until the wheel stopped turning,
And the fatal blow fell
Which deprived these Sein Feiners of equality of rights,
By a move that was made by Britons, Lords, Dukes and Knights

They laid down their platform,
With well finished planks;
It gave freedom to Ireland,
And called vounteers to its ranks.
They unfurled their banner with the harp or Erin exposed,
And the shamrock beside it in silent repose.

To every loyal Irishman the message was sent,
To prepare for the election of the next parliament,
So getting together like warriors old,
They ignored their opponents and scoffed at their gold.
In groups and in masses they marched to the polls,
With fire in their eyes and joy in their souls.

When the election was over and the returns came in,
It proved a great victory for the order of Sein Fein,
They all take the oath,
Together they would stand,
And form a parliament of their own in sweet Ireland,
To make its own laws and all issues to pool,
And give to the people genuine home rule.

SIXTY YEARS AGO

When you and I were young Nellie,
 We wasn't so very slow,
 We could skip and jump,
 And turn hand springs,
 Some sixty years ago.

But now we are old and gray, Nellie,
 And our footsteps feeble grow,
 We can't climb the trees or slide on the ice,
 As we did sixty years ago.

And you remember, Nellie dear,
 How we would climb out on the crest,
 And search in the barn below,
 For fresh laid eggs from our Bantam hens,
 Some sixty years ago.

And how we would go the ride on the hay,
 With brother Jim and Joe,
 And holler and shout, with joy and glee,
 Some sixty years ago.

And there was that Bobolink,
 That built his nest in the old cherry tree;
 And when we would go out in the morning,
 He would sing to you and me;
 And when the shade of night came on,
 And to bed we had to go,
 And we said our prayers at mother's knee,
 That was sixty years ago.

Those childhood days I'll ne'er forget,
 While I live in this world below;
 It seems to me like a happy dream,
 Since you and I were young, sixty years ago.

EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Muffle the drum, put the flag at half mast,
 Our hero lies dead, his spirit has passed
 To the home of his Father, in heaven above,
 We bow in deep sorrow for the man that we love.

As a statesman and soldier he proved to be true,
 To his family and country and all those he knew;
 Not a stain on his character he took a firm hand,
 For progress and reform in his dear native land.

As we stand in sorrow and silence and bend o'er his bier,
 And think of his noble life, we shed a silent tear
 Of regret that he is with us no more,
 To advise and criticise in peace and in war.

One thing his death teaches, be truthful and brave,
Stand for justice and principal and not be a slave;
His spirit will live though his body is dead.
The service he gave us it never will melt,
While we think of this statesman and brave soldier, the noble Roose-
velt.

22

OPPORTUNITY

A child stood on a rustic bridge,
Gazing at the stream below;
In her hand she held a bunch of roses,
Some pink, some white as snow.
Oh pretty flowers, she soliloquized, how sweet you are and fair-
I will make a wreath for mother's grave,
And entwine some in my hair.

And as she looked down upon that stream,
Flowing on to the sea,
She plucked a rose from her chubby hands,
With childish, merry glee,
She cast it out upon the stream,
And saw it float away;
And kept it up until her roses disappeared,
And she stood in blank dismay.

What have I done this little maid cried,
I have thrown away all my roses fair,
I cannot make poor mamma's wreath,
Or have any for my hair.
Dear child, she did not know the lesson that this taught,
Opportunity comes into our lives, and it never can be bought,
And it does not always stay;
And if we do not heed them when they come,
They are sure to float away.

23

WITHIN THE LAW

I have traveled and studied conditions,
From Maine to Labrador,
I find you can be a thief or crook,
If you keep within the law.

You can promote a scheme to defraud your neighbor,
By selling him something he never saw;
Either gold bricks or a frog pond,
That's within the law.

But if you shoot craps with him,
And win his money and he gets mad and sore,
He can have you pinched and sent to jail,
For that's against the law.

You can promote a stock exchange,
And gamble in wheat and stocks,
And make the prices upward soar,
And deprive the people of nourishing food,
That's within the law.

But if you meet a comrade and invite him to a game of cards,
Either euchre or poker draw,
And beat him out of his money,
You would get jail for that or heavy fine,
For that's against the law.

But if you are a pious guy,
And run a Sunday School or church fair,
And a lottery and chance games,
And take money from the children that they can hardly spare,
You tell them God loves a cheerful giver,
This is for the heathen Esquimaux,
That comes under mission work,
That's within the law.

24

SWEET MARION

There is a rustic cottage,
Nestled in the hills near the mountain side,
There dwells my little fairy,
She soon will be my bride.
She is pure as the lily, the mountain rose can't compare
With Marion my sweetheart,
The maid with the golden hair.

Happy day when I met her,
It was like a pleasant dream,
She was gathering daisies by the river bank,
And I lingered by the stream.
It was there we met, my eyes spoke the love I had for this maiden fair,
My Marion, sweet Marion,
The girl with the golden hair.

And when we get married,
Never more to part,
I will give to her my gold and wealth;
She will give to me her heart.
And as we travel life's journey,
We will banish worldly care;
I will caress and cherish my mountain rose,
Sweet Marion with the golden hair.

CHORUS

She is the sweetest blossom,
No flower can compare,
With blue-eyed, sweet Marion,
My girl with the golden hair.

TOMMY WE HAVE MISSED YOU

Tommy, we have missed you,
 Since you sailed away,
 To the shores of France with your comrades in the fray,
 The parting was sad to me, it held for me no joy;
 But your country needed you Tommy dear,
 So I let you go my boy.

I know you will not forget mother's love,
 And you will do your faithful part,
 In fighting for your country's cause,
 And keeping mother in your heart.

And when you are in the battle line,
 In front of the enemy's gun,
 With the stars and stripes above you,
 Like the rising of the sun;
 Then may a thought of mother,
 Linger with you still,
 As you press forward to give battle,
 For the Bay State and Bunker Hill.

And when the conflict is over,
 And you return to us once more,
 We will greet you with a nation's love,
 And honor to you restore.
 Oh how happy will the meeting be,
 We will give thanks to God above,
 That he has kept our soldier boy,
 From all harm and he holds his mother's love.

26th DIVISION

Hurrah, Hurrah, for the Columbia Star,
 The emblem of creation,
 The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
 The ladies will all turn out
 To greet the heroes of the Yankee nation.

New England shores will be ablaze,
 With pride and devotion,
 With Edwards and Logan in command,
 With the Twenty-sixth in motion.

The bands will play, the cannons roar,
 Uncle Sam will serve the rations,
 Of service stripes and medals too,
 At the Yankee celebration.
 Hurrah, Hurrah, from near and far,
 Fill your lungs with new inflation;
 Three cheers for the boys in khaki suits,
 And all the Yankee nation.

AMERICA

I am going back to America,
Where milk and honey flows;
The home of the butter cups and the golden rod,
Where the Mississippi flows.

The birthplace of emancipation,
I love its rocks and hills,
And when I gaze upon its shores,
My heart with rapture fills.

Then take me back to America,
Land of my joy and pride,
For you I would fight and die,
And love you as my bride.

Oh America, you are in my thoughts,
Awake or in my dreams,
I love your prairies long and wide,
Your valleys and your streams.

You are the emblem of creation,
With your lofty mountain peaks,
All nature seems to bow to you,
As the golden eagle shrieks.

The oppressed of every nation,
Flock to your friendly shores,
You relieve their wants if they are in distress,
And bind up all their sores.

Now all nations will salute you,
For the noble deeds you have done,
You stand out in the glorious light,
Like the rising of the sun.

As your statesmen sit in judgment,
On the blood stained soil of France,
With the olive branch for peace extended,
In place of the sword and lance.

God bless you America,
For the honors you have won,
And the freedom you will give to all mankind,
When your mission is done.

IMMORTALITY

A caterpillar crawling on a leaf,
Basking in the sun,
A gruesome worm of mother earth,
It cannot fly or run,
A prey for all the birds of the air,
It drags itself along;
A pest to every shrub and plant,
Without any thought or care.

A worm of no intelligence,
It is looked upon with scorn,
And muses to himself,
Why was I ever born.
I seem a pest to every one,
Who seems to pass me by,
Life has no charms for me, he said,
I wish that I could die.

As if in answer to his wish,
From his body spun a thread,
And he wove a cocoon as fine as silk,
And life from him had fled.
But as the sunbeams warmed the earth,
And nature seemed to reply,
From the casket of the caterpillar,
Came forth a butterfly.

This is but a fleeting dream,
Combined with joy and sorrow,
Although we are in life today,
We may pass away tomorrow,
And as we pass to other spheres in reality,
We change this mortal life of ours,
For one of immortality.

29

WOMEN SUFFRAGE

When women get the right to vote,
And mix in men's affairs,
They feel too great for household work,
They will shirk all its cares.

If things don't go to suit them,
And hubby should scold or frown,
She will tell him he was not in her class,
And call him quickly down.

Have we not got our rights,
As well as you horrid men,
We have been your slaves long enough,
Now we'll boss this den;
The rooster is boss no longer,
He must give way to the hen.

We are not going any longer,
To wear dresses and petticoats,
We'll make laws to suit ourselves,
That's where we get your goats.

And if you stay out late at night,
And pretend you're at the club,
We will not attend to your wants in the morning,
Or serve you any grub.

And when we attend the primaries,
To choose our delegates,
You can do the house work and make the beds,
And clean out the furnace grates.

And when we control the halls of congress
And the senate too,
We will make laws to keep you straight,
And make you good and true.

There will be no booze brought in the house,
And you will not gamble any more,
And we will have more change to spend,
When we make the law.

We will appoint our attorneys and judges,
Women of high degree,
And when you come before the court,
They will get your pedigree.

And if they find you are a man,
That don't use your family right,
They will send you to some county jail,
Where you'll be out of sight.

And when we get our suffrage,
How happy we will be,
To have men look up to us,
As the vine twines round the tree.

30

PROBLEM

I have thought the problem over,
And I have it in my head,
We do not work sixty days a year,
To earn our daily bread.

This is the way I figure,
And I think you will agree,
That my figures tell no lies,
Now just you follow me.

There is three hundred sixty-five days,
In a single year,
Or eight thousand seven hundred and eighty hours,
Follow me and I will make it clear.

You sleep eight hours and rest eight more,
Every night and day,
That makes five thousand and forty hours,
For which you get no pay.

You give to your toil and labor,
Three thousand seven hundred and forty hours,
Which equals one hundred and fifty-one days,
Of manual working powers.

You deduct Saturday half holiday,
Which is twenty-six days a year,
And fourteen days vacation,
That makes one hundred and eleven days appear.

Then there are fifty-two Sundays,
Deducted from the list,
And eight legal holidays,
Which I nearly missed.

That makes sixty days more,
Taken from one hundred and eleven,
Which leaves just fifty-one days,
A fraction over seven times seven.

So you see it is less than sixty days a year,
That you have to work,
Anyone that finds fault with that,
Must be a slacker and a shirk.

31

WHEN THE BOYS COME MARCHING HOME AGAIN

When the boys come marching home again, Hurrah, Hurrah,
Our hearts will beat with pride and joy,
As we welcome the return of our noble boy, Hurrah, Hurrah.

Mother, father and sister too,
Will all turn out at the grand review, Hurrah, Hurrah.
The bands will play, the drums will beat,
As they march in line down Essex street, Hurrah, Hurrah.

Each lad in line will have a smile to think he is home once more
To do his bit in time of peace, as he did in time of war.
Unfurl Old Glory to the breeze as in reverence we stand,
Give three cheers for the Star Spangled Banner,
And the boys of our noble land.

32

YOU KISSED ME

You kissed me, my head dropped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest;
While the holy emotion, my tongue dare not speak,
Flushed up as in flame, from my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast, Oh, your arms were so bold,
Heart beat against heart in their passionate fold.
Your glance seemed drawing my soul through mine eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the seas to the skies.

Your lips clung to mine till I prayed in my bliss,
They might never unclasp from that rapturous kiss;
You kiss me, my heart, my breath, and my will,
In delirious joy for a moment stood still.
Life had for me then no temptation, no charms,
No vision of rapture outside of your arms;
And were I this instant an angel possessed,
Of the peace and the joy that belonged to the blest,
I would tear from my forehead its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more in that haven of rest,
Your lips upon mine, my head on your breast.

You kissed me my soul in bliss so divine,
I reeled and swooned like a drunkard when foolish with wine;
And I thought 'twere delicious to die there if death
Would but come while my lips were yet moist with your breath.
While your arms clasped me round in that blissful embrace,
While your eyes melt in mine, could even death ere efface,
Oh these are the questions I ask day and night,
Must my lips taste no more such exquisite delight.
Would you wish that your breast were my shelter and then,
And if you were here would you kiss me again.

33

FAMILY FINANCIER

They tell me you work for a dollar a day,
How is it you clothe your six boys on such pay;
I know you will think me conceited and queer,
But I do it because I'm a good financier.

There's Pete, John, Jim, Joe, William, and Ned,
Half dozen boys to be clothed and fed,
And I buy for them good plain victuals to eat,
And clothing I only buy for Pete.

When Pete's clothing is too small for him to get on,
My wife makes them over and gives them to John;
When for John who is ten, they have grown out of date,
She just makes them over for Jim who is eight.

When for Jim they become too ragged to fix,
She just makes them over for Joe who is six;
And when little Joe can't wear them no more,
She just makes them over for Bill who is four.

And for young Bill they no longer will do,
She just makes them over for Ned who is two.
So you see if I get enough clothing for Pete,
The family is furnished with clothing complete.

But when Ned gets through with the clothing and when,
He has thrown it aside this is what we do then,
Why once more we go round the circle complete,
And begin to use it for patches for Pete.

34

THE PRIEST AND PAT

Pat, said the priest, you are drunk,
And I am going to make you stop,
Do you mind that,
If you ever get drunk again,
I'll turn you into a rat,
If I don't see you I'll know it just the same,
And into a rat you go,
As Patrick is your name.

Pat was very docile that night,
But the next evening he was more drunk than ever;
Kicked in the door and Biddy dodged behind the table,
And held onto the table lever.
Don't be afraid, darlint, said Pat, as he steadied himself,
Before dropping into a chair,
I'm not going to bate ye, or lay a finger on a thread of your hair.

I want you to be kind to me tonight darlint,
And remember the days when we were sweethearts;
When you loved me with that fondness,
That has no separate parts.
You know his reverence said last night,
If you get drunk again, Pat,
I'll put a curse upon you,
And turn you into a rat.

He didn't see me but I know,
I'm drunk and this night into a rat I go;
But I want ye to be kind to me darlint,
And watch me close you know,
And when you see me getting little,
And my hair and whiskers longer grow,
You can make up your mind,
It's all over wid your loving husband Pat,
And if you ever loved me darlint,
Keep your eye upon the cat.

35

HUNGRY HEARTS

Some hearts go hungry through the world,
And never find the love they seek,
Some lips with pride or scorn,
Are curled to hide the pain they may not speak,
The eyes may flash, the mouth may smile,
And yet beneath them all the while,
The hungry heart is pining still.

These know their doom and walk their way,
With level steps and steadfast eyes,
Nor strive with fate, nor weep nor pray,
While others mocked by phantoms evermore,
And lured by seemings of delight,
Fair to the eye but at the core,
Holding but little dust and blight.

I see them gaze from wistful eyes,
I mark their sign on fading cheeks,
I hear them breath in smothered sighs,
And mate the grief that never speaks,
No eye with pity is impeded,
Oh misconstrued and suffering long,
Oh hearts that hunger through the world,
For you does life's dull deserts hold.

No fountain shades no date grove fair,
Nor gush of waters clear and cold,
But sandy beaches wide and bare,
The foot may fail, the soul may faint,
And weigh to earth the weary frame,
Yet still ye make no weak complaint,
And speak no word of grief or blame.

Oh eager eyes which gaze afar,
Oh arms which clasp the empty air,
Not all unmarked your sorrows are,
Not all unpitied your despair,
Smile patient lips so proudly dumb,
When life's tent at last is furled,
Your glorious recompense shall come,
Oh hearts that hunger through the world.

36

A WORD OF CHEER

If you have a word of cheer,
That may light the pathway dear,
Of a brother pilgrim here,
Let him know.
Show him you appreciate,
What he does and do not wait,
Until the heavy hand of fate,
Lays him low.

If your heart contains a thought,
That will brighter make his lot,
Then in mercy hide it not,
Tell him so.

Wait not till your friend is dead,
Ere your compliments are said,
For the spirit that has fled if it know,
Does not need to speed it on,
Our poor praise where it has gone,
Loves eternal golden dawn is aglow.

But unto our brother here,
That poor praise is very dear,
If you've any word of cheer,
Tell him so.

Open the door let in the sun,
He hath a smile for every one,
He hath made from the raindrops golden gems,
He may change our tears to diadems,
Open the door.

Open the door of the soul let in,
Strong, pure thoughts that will banish sin,
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And there fruits shall be sweeter than that of the vine,
Open the door.

Open the door of the heart let in,
Sympathy sweet for stranger's and kin,
It will make the halls of the heart so fair,
That angels may enter unaware,
Open the door.

37

THE WORLD

It's a simple and childish old world,
And good when it's weakness you learn,
It likes to be liked more than anything else,
And it's willing to like in return.

We have called it hard names so long,
And told of its faults without end,
That it's just a bit crusty and hardened on top,
But it's glad to be friend to a friend.

And come to take stock of the world,
You've really no cause to stand off,
You're just like the rest of it full of its faults,
At which it's so easy to scoff,

And you will find when you're lonesome at times,
As long on life's journey you wend,
If you warm your own heart and be good to the world,
It's glad to be friend to a friend.

38

WHAT'S THE USE

You enter this world without your consent.
You go through life without getting what you want, and you leave it
whether you are ready or not.
When you are a helpless baby the women all kiss you, and when you
are grown up they won't reciprocate.
If you save money the trust gets it. If you are poor the people blame
you.
If you are rich they envy you. If you are religious, they call you a
hypocrite. If you are not they say you are damned.
If you spend your money they call you a fool.
If you save it they call you stingy.
If you are pleasant they call you a jollier.
If you are not they call you a grouch.
Just because I send you a postal card you say I'm too mean to buy
a two cent postage stamp or too lazy to write.
SO WHAT'S THE USE.

START WHERE YOU STAND

Start where you stand,
Never mind the past,
The past won't help you in beginning new,
If you have left it all behind at last,
Why that's enough, you've done with it, you're through.

This is another chapter in the book,
This is another race that you have planned,
Don't give the vanished days a backward look,
Start where you stand.

The world won't care about your old defeats,
If you can start anew and win success,
The future is your time and time is fleet,
And there is much of work and strain and stress.

Forget the buried woes and dead dispairs,
Here is a brand new trial right at hand,
The future is for him who does and dares,
Start where you stand.

Old failures will not halt old triumphs,
Aids today the things tomorrow soon will be,
Get in the fight and face it unafraid,
And leave the past to ancient history,
What has been has been, yesterday is dead,
And by it you were neither blest nor banned,
Take courage man, be brave and drive ahead,
Start where you stand.

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